

This is Believe: Reflective Essay

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Perfection is what most people consider the most beautiful thing on Earth. Be it at work, at home or at school, everyone wants their lives to be perfect. But can imperfections be beautiful too? After all, as the saying goes, “nobody is perfect”. If so, making mistakes is merely a nature of humans. And to me, there is beauty in everything, including making mistakes. My aunt once told me that meeting problems and setbacks are inevitable in life. Thus I believe that it is not whether or not we fail that matters, but rather, how we face them that determines the beauty in us. The beauty of problem is the solution to it, the beauty of challenge is the strength to take it up, and the beauty of failure is courage to stand up against it. Indeed, we wake up every day only to meet with new problems, but in standing up against them, we become stronger. And that, to me, is the beauty of imperfection.

Dancing has been part of my life ever since I could remember. Last year, our dance troupe was given the honour to go to Beijing to perform for a prestigious event. However, this was a complicated dance that required the changing of costumes in the middle of the dance. I was hoping nothing would go wrong but it turned out my prayers were unanswered. When the music played, I was almost in a mad rush. In a state of confusion and anxiety, I fumbled and stumbled, and failed to change on time. Despite this, I ran onto the stage and tried my best to make it seem like nothing had gone wrong. But things did not get better and subsequently, I tripped on my costume and fell. At that moment, I knew I had made the biggest mistake of my life. Tears formed in my eyes even before the dance ended. I tried my best to smile at the end but I just could not.

Though my dance instructor did not say anything, I was devastated. I could not bring myself to accept this failure. Sadness dulled my heart for the rest of the day and a sense of helplessness overpowered my friend's comforting voices as I could do nothing to improve the situation. But I was just as relieved that this whole thing was over. However, as if heaven wanted to punish me a second time, I soon learned that I had to perform this dance again. When I heard of it, an overwhelming wave of worry accompanied by rejection rushed over me. I could not face the fact of doing it all over again. I was so overwhelmed by the fear of failing again that I could not concentrate on the dance. I almost wanted to give up.

Fortunately, the persistent voices of my dance mates and the tiny hope of being able to succeed conquered my fear. The constant practice and encouragement from my mates allowed me to find the courage to try again. I admit I wasn't a hundred per cent sure that I would succeed, but I was sure that I would face it with determination. Thus, I took on this task – to go back to my failure and relive it, but this time, to make right whatever went wrong.

The moment came, and the music played. This time, I did it. For the first time in my life, the audience's applause meant so much to me. Suddenly, I felt grateful for giving myself a chance to try again. I truly felt the sense of satisfaction from succeeding and it felt so much greater especially after my failure.

Now, I don't see this experience as a failure, but rather, a beautiful experience that gave me the strength to face whatever setbacks I would have to face in future. Life is full of challenges, and sometimes, things are laid before us such that our only option is to face it. Therefore, how we do it, is the key to beauty in life. It's not how many times we fall that matters; it's how many times we get back up. Each time I get up, each time I gain greater courage and strength and overtime, I become a stronger person. That, is the beauty of failures, this I believe.